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THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

(PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.)

An Illustrated Magazine,

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EDUCATION AND ELEVATION OF THE YOUNG.

George Q. Cannon, Editor.

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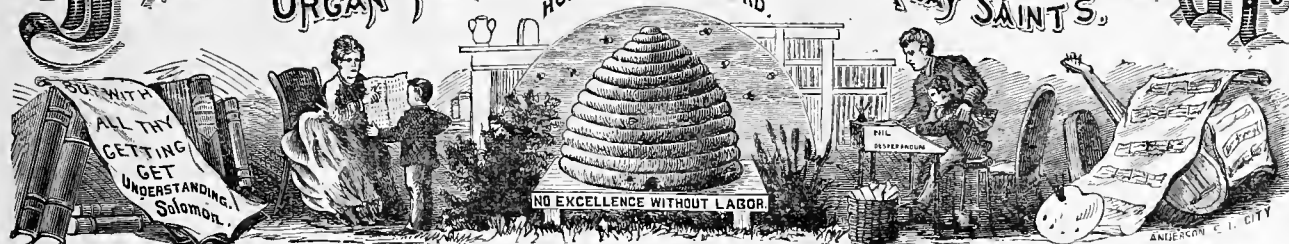
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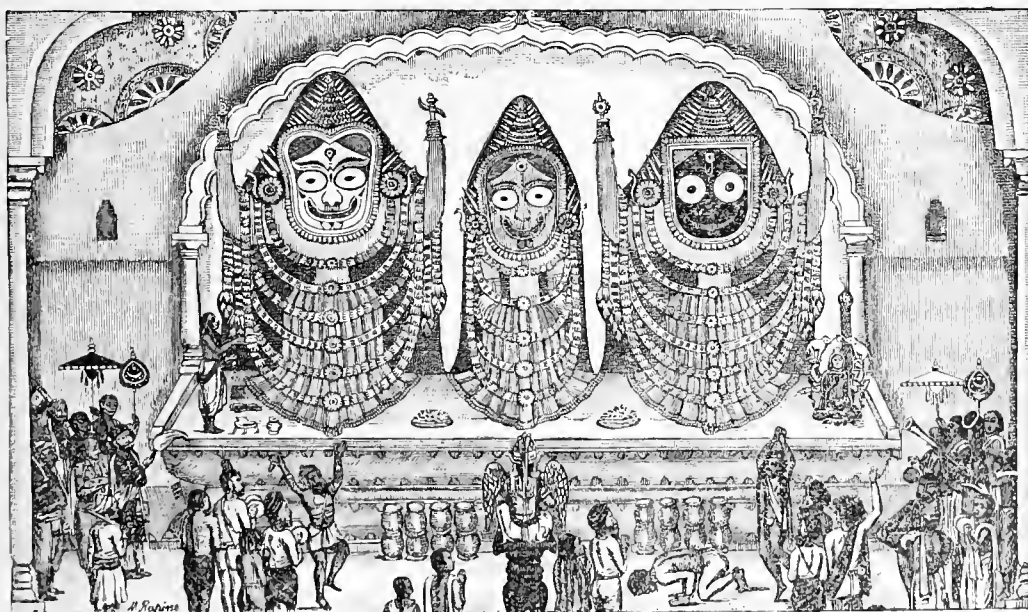
NO. 13.

IDOLS IN THE JUGGERNAUT TEMPLE.

DOUBTLESS many of our young readers will wonder what the hideous-looking objects in our engraving are, and will be surprised to learn that there are thousands, yes, even millions of human beings who worship the idols which our picture here represents. These idols are to be found in the temple of Juggernaut at Puri, India. This temple was erected in honor of Vishnu, the second person in the Hindoo trinity, and stands on what is called "Blue Hill," in the city above named.

The images are named Juggernaut, meaning lord of the

he would comprehend the wonders of this land. The king, apprised of the occurrence, built on the spot where the crow had appeared a large city and a place of worship. The Rajah one night heard in a dream a voice saying: 'On a certain day cast thine eyes on the seashore, when there will arise out of the water a piece of wood fifty-two inches long and one and a half cubits broad; this is the true form of the deity; take it up and keep it hidden in thine house seven days; and in whatever shape it shall then appear, place it in the temple and



world, who is the principal idol, his brother, Balabhadra, and his sister, Subhadra. The legends of the origin of the chief god are both numerous and curious. One of these is that "a king, desirous of founding a city, sent a learned Brahman to pitch upon a proper spot. The Brahman, after a long search, arrived upon the banks of the sea and there saw a crow diving into the water and, having washed its body, making obeisance to the sea. Understanding the language of the birds he learned from the crow that if he remained there a short time

worship it.' It happened as the Rajah had dreamed, and the image called by him Jagannatha became the object of worship of all ranks of people and performed many miracles."

Another one is that "a king of the solar race, named Indradymna, who reigned in Central India, hearing of the great exploits of Vishnu, the blue god, desired to pay him homage with a large army. On his arrival at the "Blue Hill" Vishnu had disappeared. As a token of the king's veneration for the absent deity he erected a magnificent temple on this "Blue

Hill" and held great festivities at its consecration. In the midst of the ceremonies the king had a vision of a tree that encased Vishnu with all his qualities. This was deciphered as omenous for good; while at the close of the sacrifices a large log drifted ashore from the bay, containing the emblems of Vishnu. After Indradyumna had procured the log he arranged with Viswakarma, a carver of gods, who agreed to complete the idols in two weeks, with the understanding that no one should come near to disturb him until the work was completed. The king, being so desirous to know how the work was progressing, had the doors opened; but when he entered the sculptor had disappeared, leaving the idols in their rude shape, having no hands or feet. However, it appears that Brahma himself officiated at the consecration of the temple, when he endowed Juggernaut with a soul and gave him eyes to see."

The greatest veneration is shown to these unsightly blocks of wood, which have not the least resemblance to the human form. Priests are in daily attendance upon them, offering sacrifices and performing various ceremonies which they think are necessary to retain the favor of the gods.

The inhabitants of the province of Orissa are almost exclusively worshippers of Juggernaut, and all orthodox Hindoos are expected to visit at some time in their lives the great temple of the gods. There are times when immense processions are formed in honor of the idol, and then the ponderous car upon which he rides is drawn by the frenzied crowd of fanatics. Following in the train, or surrounding the car, are many who would gladly throw themselves under the wheels to be crushed to death in the vain delusion that such an act will please the god and gain for them an unexcelled glory. This practice, which formerly caused the death of thousands of deluded beings, is now becoming less prevalent because of the efforts of the English government to prevent such suicides.

The worship of such objects will doubtless seem to our readers to be very foolish and they will wonder how human beings can do so much for the images which they themselves have made. Yet these myriads of Hindoos are perhaps as sincere in their belief in and worship of their idols as Christians can be in their reverence for the great Unseen Being who rules the universe; and so long as the pagan religion injures no individual in his person or property its devotees are entitled to the exercise of their agency in this matter. Still it is well for us to examine the doctrines of other people, because the contrast between truth and error will cause us to cling more firmly to the former and make us rejoice in the knowledge that the everlasting gospel has again been restored to earth.

GOOD THINGS ILL USED BECOME EVILS.—Even the best things, ill used, become evils, and contrarily, the worst things, used well, prove good. A good tongue used to deceit, a good wit used to defend error, a strong arm to murder, authority to oppress, a good profession to dissemble, are all evil. Even God's own word is the sword of the spirit, which, if it kill not our vices, kills our souls. Contrariwise (as poisons are used to wholesome medicine), afflictions and sins, by a good use, prove so gainful as nothing more. Words are as they are taken, and things are as they are used. There are even cursed blessings.

THE torture of a bad conscience is the hell of a living soul.

WITHOUT A HOME.

"HE has no right to be unhappy; no right to look sad, and keep himself apart from the young and gay!" exclaimed a young lady, in reference to a fellow-guest at a summer watering-place. "Don't you think it is half affectation?" she asked of an old gentleman, who seemed the chosen friend of the misanthrope.

"No," was the reply. "He is above affectation. He is one of the noblest young men I ever met."

"Is he in ill health?"

"No; physically I call him a perfect specimen of a man."

"Is he troubled about money matters?"

"No. He has a good business, and has a moderate fortune for so young a man to have made by his own skill and energy."

"Then he has been crossed in love," said the little tease, laughing. "I have guessed out his trouble now."

"He never was in love, to my certain knowledge. I never knew him to pay the slightest attention to any lady," was the reply.

"Perhaps he has just buried some dear friend," said the puzzled girl, solemnly.

"No, it is worse than that."

"Worse than that? Nothing is worse than that?" exclaimed the giddy girl, in surprise.

"You are mistaken again," said the old gentleman. "There are things worse even than the death of dear friends."

"What can they be?"

"Sin is worse than death. It would be easier for me to bury a beloved son than to see him sinning against God and his fellow-men."

"Then some one he loves is very wicked?"

"No."

The young girl was thoroughly puzzled. She could think of no more questions to ask; so she only looked inquiringly in the kind face of the old gentleman. Seeing her perplexity as well as her curiosity, he returned her questioning gaze, and said, with a smile, "You would like me to answer your first question very much, would you not?"

"Yes, sir, very much."

"Will you answer me a question first?"

"Yes, any one you please to ask."

"Well, this morning I listened to a conversation between two young ladies on the piazza, and one of them said, 'I will go to Europe with my friends this Fall, whether my parents consent or not. I am so sick of home that I actually hate it!' Who was that young lady?"

The pretty face of the young girl turned crimson as she replied, "Oh, I must be honest. It was I myself. But I am so sick of being poked up at home!"

"Ah?"

"Yes, sir; but what has that to do with the question I asked of you?"

"A great deal. The trouble with you is that you are 'so sick of home'—with fond parents, brothers and sisters—that you 'absolutely hate it.' My young friend is so hungry for a home and a mother, that he cannot be happy, but has a constant longing and craving that threatens him with a settled melancholy."

"How strange!"

"It might not seem so strange if you knew all his story."

"Do tell me it, please, and perhaps I can do something for him."

"No, that is impossible. No one on earth can do that I fear," said the good man.

"Tell me, so that I can pity him, then," said the impulsive girl.

"No, but I will tell you, so that you may profit by the story, and learn to value the home and the friends God has in mercy given you. Let us take this quiet corner, and settle ourselves for half an hour away from the crowd. Here is the story:

"It was on a dark, stormy night, some thirty years ago, that a physician of reputation in a neighboring town roused a worthy couple in this city from their sleep, took a roll of something he handled very carefully from under the buffalo robe, and went into their house.

"He told them he had come on an errand of mercy to merciful persons. Then he opened a rich shawl and drew from its folds a lovely baby. 'Here,' he said, 'is a little beggar, crying for love and a home.'

"Then he told them that a lady, well known to him, gentle and lovely, had married against the will of her parents, and been disowned by them simply because her husband was poor. She lived very happily, in a modest way, always hoping to be, at an early day, reconciled to her friends. But not long after the birth of her little child, her young husband met with a sudden death, and she was left penniless and in ill health.

"The doctor was regarded by her as her only real friend, and she pled with him to make peace between her and her offended parents, that they might receive her now in her desolation.

"This was no easy task; but, without speaking of the baby, he wrought at last upon their sympathy so far that they consented to take her home.

"Then the poor innocent little baby came up for discussion. The doctor had not even told of his existence, and the poor young widow, not able to take care of herself, dared not stand at the door from which she had been thrust rudely away, with a burden still heavier than herself for mother and sisters to bear. She was wild with anxiety.

"Then the doctor's wit was called into play. Whether he acted wisely or not, he induced the broken-hearted young creature to trust her baby with him for a while, till she gained a little strength, when she could tell her parents about it, and open a way for it to their hearts. He pledged himself solemnly to care for it as if it were his child, either in his own house or that of some competent friend.

"On that advice the young mother acted. She wrapped it in her rich shawl, and sent her diamond ring to the woman who should care for it till she was able to claim it and redeem the ring.

"The baby was placed in the best of hands, but that very night the old doctor died very suddenly, and all knowledge of the baby's parentage died with him. Every possible inquiry was made among the doctor's regular patients, but the sad story was new to them all.

"Perhaps his mother, who was very feeble, may have died soon after the doctor, before she had courage to reveal her secret. Be that as it may, the boy grew up, tenderly cared for, and was well educated by the good couple.

"At a proper age, he went into the counting-room of a great sugar refinery: and then, feeling that he had started in life for himself, they were impelled by a sense of duty to reveal to him the sad story of his babyhood.

"Till that hour George Weld had been one of the merriest of boys, making the house ring with his frolics, and keeping his school-fellows on the alert to avoid his pranks. From this hour, however, he was a different boy. A cloud had fallen

over his pathway; his cheek lost its color, his form its sturdiness, and his eyes seemed to recede in their sockets, giving him this melancholy expression. His hair is already sprinkled with gray, and he is a sad man, old before his time."

"Can't some one make him happy?" asked the tender-hearted girl.

"No earthly comforter, my child. The melancholy possible is in part constitutional, and this has aggravated it. His foster parents did all they could to cheer him, and even went over all the long work of former years, going through the list of the old doctor's patients of that time, from his books, aided by his son. Many of the families were extinct, and the story was new to those they found.

"After a few years these kind old people died, leaving their property, some twenty thousand dollars, to George, as their 'beloved son.' With this he took a share in the 'refinery,' and has been most successful in business since then, and has always conducted himself in a way to gain the respect of all who know him."

"Why, then, can't he be happy?" asked the young girl. "The good ought to be always happy."

"He suffers a real and constant hunger for a home and a mother. He thinks that perhaps somewhere in the world, that mother, who tore her heart in agony in trying to make a home for him, is wearing away her life with searching and longing for her son.

"He has a picture of her in his mind, and dreams almost every night that he has found her in distress, and has taken her to a beautiful home to be the joy of his life.

"He fancies that she may be near him, that he may see her at church, in company and in the street. He is always studying faces to catch some glimpse of a likeness to his own; and for the sake of his mother, whether living or dead, he treats every woman, old or young, with tender respect. Poor fellow!

"I fear he must carry that 'gnawing hunger,' as he calls it, to the grave with him. If he were less of a man, this morbid feeling, against which he struggles, would overcome him, and either wholly unsettle his mind, or make him useless and selfish. As it is, however, he pities every childless woman and motherless child, and does all he can to make homes for such as are not, like himself, helplessly homeless. He would have been horror-stricken to have heard you say, 'I am so sick of home that I positively hate it.'

"If you are ever tempted to scorn God's great goodness again, my child, think of my young friend who is so hungry for a home that he would give every dollar he owns to find his mother, and toil for her daily bread, and make a home for himself, if it were only in a garret. Let Europe alone till your kind parents are ready to accompany you thither; and never lay your head on your pillow without saying, 'O God, I thank Thee for my home and the tender love of my parents.'"

"I think I never shall," said the young girl, in a subdued tone; "but I wish Mr. Weld could be made happy."

Idleness is the badge of gentry, the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the step-mother of discipline, the chief author of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause, not only of melancholy, but of many other diseases: for the mind is naturally active; and if it be not occupied about some honest business, it rushes into mischief or sinks into melancholy.

Barton.

GIBRALTAR.

LETTER X.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

THE morning following our interview with the magistrate we took a walk out into Spain. We found the soil and climate producing oranges, figs, pomegranates, lemons, limes and a great variety of wild flowers; but the indolent Spaniards left nature to do most of the work. Many of them were living in huts similar to our Indian *wickiups*. We could not but think that if Utah were favored with so good a climate and rich soil the huts would soon be supplanted by neat cottages and vineyards, and the land made almost like a paradise.

On our return to the lines we were told to call at the magistrate's office. We did so and were informed that the governor had given our letter to him (the magistrate) and that we need expect no aid in spreading "Mormonism" in that stronghold. We were warned to be careful and look out what we were about.

We again called on the American consul, claiming protection for Elder Porter, whose permit was about to expire. He promised to see the magistrate and do all he could for him. On April 1st we called on the American consul, who had just returned from the police station, holding a card in his hand on which were printed our articles of faith. He said, holding up the card and speaking to Elder Porter, "This is the only cause against you, and if Stevenson does not look out he will have to share the same fate as you, although he is a native. Your religion is not wanted here. You have already created jealousy in the churches." He then advised us both to leave the garrison.

Elder Porter's permit being now exhausted a passage was secured for him on a steam packet; but, according to a dream that we had, I was to remain and establish the gospel. I immediately went to our place of prayer on the mountain, and while I gazed on my only friend steaming out of the bay up the straits I had rather strange feelings.

Previous to leaving England I was pointed out in a meeting as having been seen in a vision doing a good work in Gibraltar, but was told that I would meet heavy opposition in my labors. I was seen to be baptizing some persons, and heavenly messengers were seen to deliver me from the hands of the wicked.

A Mr. Elliot, who had been reading the Book of Mormon and was inclined to believe my testimony, became prejudiced by the ministers and turned me away from his door. Shortly afterwards he fell twenty feet, broke his leg and otherwise injured his body, which kept him in bed for forty days.

I visited the Jewish synagogue one day in company with a Mr. Delemar, a learned Jew who spoke six languages. He instructed me to wear my hat in the meeting as it was customary with them so to do. The pulpit was in the center. The ark, in one end of the building, being opened the parchment was taken out. It was rolled on two sticks with bells on the top of them. It was passed around the synagogue and kissed by the worshippers, while a continuous chanting was being kept up by the congregation. A portion was read from the pulpit, contributions were received and then the rolls were returned to the ark, each person bowing in that direction. Meeting was then dismissed.

On the 4th of May I visited the steam packet that brought me to the place, left a Book of Mormon and other reading matter with the clerk and got my mail. As it was raining I sat, by permission, under the porch of a guard house, reading the *Millennial Star*. Several persons became interested in me and asked questions about my belief. Soon an officer stepped up and inquired if I was a Methodist; but as soon as he learned that I was a Latter-day Saint he ordered me put under guard, saying that my religion was one that could not be tolerated in that place. For the first time in my life I was marched into the guard house a prisoner. I there began preaching to the guard, who listened attentively to what I had to say. After some few inquiries concerning what I had been doing in the fortress I was released, and I subsequently sold some books to one of the guard who arrested me, but whose sympathies were aroused in my behalf.

On the 24th of May, the queen's birth-day, there was a grand celebration. The soldiers were marched to the north front, outside of the gates of the fortress. After considerable exercising of the soldiers the firing of cannon commenced from the top of the rock, 1,400 feet high, after which the galleries opened fire about half-way down the rock. Singular, indeed, was it to see fire and smoke gushing out of the perpendicular rock. The shipping in the bay was beautifully decorated with the flags of all nations.

June the 28th was a happy day for me, for at 4 o'clock, a. m., just after gun fire, as per previous arrangement, I met John McCall, a dock-yard policeman, and Thomas Miller, a gunner and driver of the royal artillery, at the water's edge, we having descended a rope ladder to the shore, and baptized them. These were the first fruits of my labors after being on the rock three months and twenty days.

The Lord only knows the many privations and sacrifices I endured and the lonely hours I spent, living many weeks on the value of three to five cents per day.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

TRIBUNALS OF ROOKS.—Rooks (says M. Diarmid), like men, have not all the same nice sense of justice. Some of them are honest, obliging and industrious, others knavish, idle and mischievous. In the Spring months in particular, when they are all busy building nests or repairing old ones, certain evil-doers invade their neighbors' store of sticks to save themselves the trouble of collecting materials in a more laborious and lawful way. This to some may appear a very venial crime; but what a plank is to a carpenter a twig is to a crow, and to pilfer the one is as bad as to purloin the other. But as often as offenses of this kind are detected a complaint is made to the proper quarter and the delinquent tried and punished by his peers. Some veteran bird acts as chief justice, and from the bustle that goes forward, the cawing of some rooks and the silence of others, it is plain that the court proceeded upon system, though I cannot subscribe to the startling opinion that they examine witnesses and empanel a jury.

The presiding rook, who sits on a bough above all the others, is heard croaking last of all, and when sentence is pronounced punishment follows very promptly. Either the culprit is seized and pecked most severely, or the nest containing the ill-gotten twigs is pounced upon and demolished until not one stick is left upon another.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE question is frequently asked me, do I see any light breaking through—any relief in prospect from the present difficulties which surround us. My reply has been that I do see, or think I see, a rift in the clouds, and that the day of our deliverance from the present attacks and difficulties is not far distant. In my associations with the leading men of the Church I find they all feel alike. They feel cheerful, contented and happy. So far as my own feelings are concerned I never felt more serene, and undisturbed, and confident concerning the future than I have done since the beginning of this year. From this condition of feeling which the servants of God possess I draw this conclusion: that our difficulties are not likely to be of so serious a nature as our enemies are hoping they will be.

I remember being on the ocean at one time when icebergs were very thick and we had a violent storm. The ship was considered to be in great danger. I watched the captain very closely; I formed my opinions as to our true position by his demeanor. I never have been at sea—and especially when threatened with peril—without forming my conclusions as to the imminence of the danger by the manner of the captain or pilot.

So in this Church. My experience has taught me that no serious danger has ever threatened our people without the man of God who stood at the head, and those associated with him, knowing concerning it. The premonitions of the Spirit to them have always been of a character to enable them to prepare the people for those events which awaited them.

Our enemies hope, in making this raid upon us, that they will get us in a corner and compel us, by the violence of their proceedings, to surrender the principle of plural marriage. Mr. Dickson is credited with saying that he is tired of this prosecution. Perhaps so. I am not, however, inclined to believe all his statements. But he says that President Taylor, by a very few words published in the *Deseret News*, could end it. That is, I suppose, President Taylor could surrender the principle of plural marriage and tell the people to do so. That is what Mr. Dickson means. That was the hope entertained by him and probably Judge Zane when this raid commenced. But six months, or thereabouts, have elapsed and they are not one step nearer the end than they were—that is, if they hope by their action, to bring about a surrender of this principle. It is true that seven of our brethren who have refused to bend the knee to Judge Zane's demands are in the penitentiary; a number of others are indicted and are under bonds; a number of others who are indicted have not been arrested; but are the people any more inclined now to give up this vital principle of their religion than they were six months ago? I have not had the opportunity of mingling with them to any very great extent; but I am satisfied, from my own observation, and from all that I can hear, that they are not.

This crusade will result as many other attacks upon us have done in the past. It will have the effect to give us a name, and a reputation, and a power that we have not heretofore had. This is inevitable. One of the difficulties the Elders have had to contend with of late years has been the widespread feeling that our system was a system of sensualism; that our people are licentious. It has been difficult for the world to conceive how it was possible that we should have

plural marriage as a part of our religion unless this was the case. How can we convince them of the fallacy of this view? We have published as extensively as possible our true views and practice. Our Elders have taken great pains to inform the public as to the cause of our believing in and practicing patriarchal marriage; but with what little effect! Something more than this is needed. The world must have a better idea of our motives than they ever have had. This persecution will have the effect to enlighten a great many thinking people upon this point. They will learn, as they are now doing, that men, and women, too, are willing to go to prison for this principle. Do people go to prison when they can honorably avoid it? The Latter-day Saints can avoid going to prison if they will reject their wives. They can commit adultery and whoredom and not go to prison. If they were a licentious people they would do this. How much cheaper it would be to gratify their lusts without marrying wives and rearing children! Thinking people must see this. Women especially, however much they may dislike patriarchal marriage, must admire men who are so true to their wives and children that, rather than discard them, they will go to prison. All honorable people will be impressed by such devotion and courage. It will have more weight than any amount of preaching or writing upon the subject. They will see that there is something more than licentiousness connected with the principle; that that cannot be the motive which prompts men and women to enter upon its practice; because every man of experience knows that if that were the motive there would be no need to go to prison for its gratification; we could be popular as other people are and gratify the lusts of the flesh without being under the least necessity of going to the penitentiary. The world will see that there is a higher motive than sensuality for the Latter-day Saints clinging to patriarchal marriage, and the effect will be to uplift the doctrine on to a higher plane and to place it in a new light before their minds.

CARE IN LITTLE THINGS.—The world was surprised to learn that Lord Macauley labored with great diligence to perfect the style of his history, re-writing almost every sentence, and re-casting whole chapters to make a slight improvement. His experience repeated the lesson of all ages, that success is won only by incessant toil and pains-taking.

A similar lesson is taught by the manuscripts of Leibnitz, which are preserved in Hanover. He was the most learned man of his age, and his studies covered almost the entire range of human knowledge. But one who has examined the manuscripts says of him:

"No man ever wrote with more care, no man ever blotted and altered and copied more than Leibnitz. There are instances in this collection in which he had written the same letter three times over, and finally amended it so as to be obliged to give it to his secretary to make the last copy; and all this, too, on an occasion of little importance."

One who is not willing to pay the price of success in hard and patient toil must not be surprised at failure.

It is not for man to rest in absolute resentment. He is born to hopes and aspirations, as the sparks fly upwards, unless he has brutified his nature and quenched the spirit of immortality which is his portion.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MISSION.

BY J. W.

(Continued from page 180.)

ON our arrival in Liverpool, and at the office of the European mission, the presidency gave us instructions, among other things, with regard to polygamy. We were told not to thrust it prominently forward nor to go out of our way to teach it; but when information was sought on that principle to give it freely, and when the principle was attacked to defend it to the best of our wisdom and ability.

In my experience and travels I found some who would refer to polygamy as soon as they learned that I came from Utah, and others who seemed equally well pleased to talk about Utah and its people and make no reference to polygamy. The course I adopted when beginning a conversation with any person or company was to let them know who I was and from whence I came, and then to allow them to ask any question they desired and I would answer the best I could. Every traveling Elder has learned, I presume, the great amount of injury done and prejudice that is created by the lies and misrepresentations which have been spread over the land, poisoning the minds of honest people and making it difficult for an Elder even to get a hearing. My experience in these matters I now relate:

I was invited by Brother C. to his house. He failed to tell me that his wife was much opposed to the Elders, because she had been told that the object of all our Elders was to induce our converts to emigrate to Utah as soon as possible, where every man was *compelled* to marry more wives. I arrived at the house, was admitted and introduced myself, the husband being absent. But now all attempts at conversation were repulsed. There were three children. I tried to converse with them, but they were ordered into separate corners of the house and forbidden to speak. There was a fine cat disposed to be friendly. I took it up and tried to open conversation through that medium; but neither the natural history of the cat nor its great usefulness proved of any avail. We sat in silence for a time.

Finally the wife got out a "jumper" she was making for her husband. I thought I saw a chance now to make friends and took up a sleeve to make the button-hole. She snapped out that I had better let it alone, as I would only spoil it. I replied that if I did not make it good enough I would pick it out again. While cutting the button-hole I remarked that the scissors were very dull and if I had a file or whetstone I could sharpen them. She said she had been expecting a grinder but he had not come around as usual; but she could provide me with both file and whetstone, which she did. I made the button-hole and passed it up for inspection—it was pronounced good. I also sharpened the scissors to her satisfaction. Just then someone knocked at the door. She laid down the "jumper" and went to the door. I took it up and finished it, and by this time had established a little conversation. Then I learned that the clock needed repairs. I took it in hand, cleaned and oiled it and was successful in making it go.

Friendly relations were now established. The children were released from their corners and one sent out to purchase some preserves. The kettle was put on the fire and some excellent

cakes were made. Altogether a very nice tea was provided, where a short time before there was a prospect of my going without. The husband came home in time to hear me explain to his wife that but comparatively few men in Utah were in polygamy, and that *all* men never would or could be; that it was a special privilege which of right belonged only to the best of men and women, and that it was a holy order revealed and commanded by God to accomplish a righteous purpose, to raise up a pure seed upon the earth. When I left, late in the evening, an invitation was given me by the wife to spend all of the next day (Sunday) at their house and to go from there to meeting. I accepted that proposal and when I left on Monday it was with an invitation to come whenever I liked and make my home there. I never more had trouble in that house and all prejudice seemed removed.

Monday I left and took the train for the city of York and visited some scattered Saints in the neighborhood.

(To be Continued.)

Lesson for the Little Ones.

PRIMARY EXERCISES.

THE CRUCIFIXION OF JESUS.

AS the day dawned, after Jesus had been betrayed by Judas, and taken to the high priest's house, those wicked men met together, and decided to take Jesus to Pontius Pilate, the governor. Now, Judas, when he saw that Jesus was going to be killed, was very sorry for what he had done, and took the money to the chief priests and elders, saying, I have sinned; but they only laughed at him, saying, What is that to us, see thou to that. Judas then threw down the money and went out and hung himself, and that was the end of that poor, wicked man.

When they took Jesus before the governor, to try him, and see if he had done anything wrong, the governor asked Him if He really was the king of the Jews. Jesus told the governor, that His kingdom was not of this world, and when Pilate said to Him, Do you hear how many things they accuse you of? Jesus said nothing, but the people said that Jesus had been preaching from Galilee to Jerusalem, and stirring up the people to strife. The more they talked against Jesus, the more plain it was to Pilate that Jesus was innocent. So as Herod was at Jerusalem, to attend the feast of the Passover, and Jesus had come from Galilee where Herod ruled as governor, Pilate sent Jesus to him.

Herod was glad to see Jesus, for he had heard so much about Him, and Herod mocked at Jesus, and his soldiers put a scarlet robe on Him, and mocked at Him; but still Herod could find nothing against Jesus to condemn, so he sent Him back to Pilate. Herod and Pilate had been enemies before, but after this they became great friends.

You must know, dear children, that at this great feast, it was the custom to release a prisoner, and there was one, a thief and murderer named Barabbas, who was in prison, and Pilate told the people, he could find no sin in Jesus, so he took a basin of water and washed his hands before them, saying, I wash my hands of the blood of this man. But the people said, Deliver Barabbas to us, and crucify Jesus; and they put a crown of thorns on His head, and the soldiers smote Him, spit in His face, and mocked Him, but Pilate said, I find no fault in Him; but the people cried all the more, Crucify Him! crucify Him!

Then they led Jesus out with the multitude following, and those who believed in Jesus were weeping and mourning. The cross was laid upon His shoulders, and He was led to a place called Calvary. Here Jesus was raised up and His poor hands were nailed on the cross piece, and His feet to the straight piece, which was set in the ground, the crown of thorns resting on His head. On each side was a wicked man condemned to die, by hanging. The people stood by looking on, while the soldiers and rulers stood mocking at Him, saying, He saved others Himself He cannot save. And Jesus looked upon them with pity, saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

One of those who was being crucified with Him said, If thou be Christ save thyself and us; but the other thief rebuked him, saying, We die justly, but this man has done nothing amiss; and he turned to Jesus and asked Him to remember him when he came into His Father's kingdom. Jesus told him he should that day be in paradise with Him.

There was a writing put over Jesus' head, which read, "This is Jesus, the King of the Jews." At the sixth hour darkness came over the land, and the earth shook and fear came upon all the people. Three hours after Jesus cried with a loud voice, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and some of the evil men ran and filled a sponge with vinegar to give him. Soon Jesus gave another loud cry, and died. Then the thunders rolled and the earth shook, and the darkness was so great that no one could make a light. The

vail in the temple was rent in twain, mountains were thrown down and all nature proclaimed that Jesus was the Son of God, and had been slain for the sins of the world.

A good man named Joseph went to Pilate and asked that he might bury Jesus' body. So they took Him down from the cross and dressed Him as they did their dead. Then Joseph had Him placed in a new sepulchre that had never been used, and rolled a stone before the door of it.

NOTE.—Let the story be repeated from memory by as many of the class as possible, with explanations and additions from the teacher, allowing questions to be asked by all. This event is of much importance to all our children, and should be impressed deeply upon their minds.

ZINA.

MAKING UP.

I WAS going down the street the other day, and saw the meeting of two little girls about nine years old.

"Say, Mary, I ain't going to call you names any more," said one, as she ran out of her yard.

"Well, I'm sure I'm glad," answered Mary, with a pleasant laugh.

"My mother says it's real mean; but I was so mad I could not help it. Come, let's make up."

So the little girls made up, and walked off with their arms round each other's waists.

Wasn't that better than calling names, dear children?

A LITTLE ADVICE.

I WANT to give you three or four rules:

One is, always look at the person you speak to. When you are addressed, look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this.

Another is, speak your words plainly. Do not mutter or mumble. If words are worth saying, they are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly.

Another is, do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say, keep silent.

A fourth is—and oh! children, remember it all your lives—think three times before you speak once.

Have you something to do that you find hard and would prefer not to do? Then listen: Do the hard thing first, and get it over with. If you have done wrong, go and confess it. If your lesson is hard, master it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first and play afterward.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 1, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



It is said that much of the information which our enemies rely upon in prosecuting the Latter-day Saints, or their practice of plural marriage, is derived from persons who profess to be members of the Church. This is the statement made by officials. Perhaps those who write these anonymous letters profess to be members of the Church, but it seems incredible that men or women holding fellowship in the Church, or bearing the name of Latter-day Saints, can possibly be guilty of such base conduct as this.

In all ages and among all peoples informers and traitors have been held in the greatest contempt. We believe that men may be guilty of many sins for which they will obtain forgiveness much easier than for breaking their covenants with their fellow-men or betraying the confidence reposed in them. Who can have confidence in such people? They must, in their secret hearts, despise themselves. There are doubtless very many apostates, who, in order to repay some old grudge against certain persons, may give this information to the officers of the government. We hear it stated from so many sources that letters of this kind are being received by the prosecuting attorney that we suppose there must be truth in the statement. We hope, however, for the sake of humanity, that the authors of these letters do not have a standing in the Church. When people deny the faith and become open apostates we naturally expect them to fight the work with which they were formerly connected. This is not surprising. But think how members of the Church, guilty of such an atrocity, must feel when they meet together with their brethren and sisters to partake of the sacrament.

In the breasts of our children there should be established the highest sentiments of honor and love for the truth. The courage to declare it should also be fostered in every child's mind. It requires courage sometimes of a high character for a child to face the consequences of some of its actions. The temptation to tell a falsehood in order to conceal that which it has done is sometimes very great. But parents should be careful in watching their children, developing within them a moral courage that will enable them to tell the truth even under those circumstances. It is absolutely necessary for the formation of a strong character in the Church that children should have this lesson impressed upon them, that as they grow up to manhood and womanhood they may possess the moral courage necessary to enable them to perform their part as Latter-day Saints.

Coupled with this love of the truth and this courage to maintain it there should be developed in all children's breasts a sentiment of honor in keeping their word, in maintaining their integrity, in never violating confidence nor betraying any trust reposed in them. There are persons in the world who,

after hearing a communication made to them in confidence, will turn round and reveal it to the injury of the person who trusted them. Such perfidy we hope is very rare in this Church; but there are people in the world who seem to think that if they do this and not be found out it is all right. Latter-day Saints should have a higher standard of honor. They should be true to every trust reposed in them. Their word should be like the word of an angel, so that every one who knows them will have perfect confidence in that which they state and feel that their honor is entirely safe in their keeping.

Children, these are principles which you should all seek to cultivate, and if you possess them men will love you, they will repose confidence in you, you will never lack for friends, and God will love you.

OBSERVATION.—The ignorant have often given credit to the wise for powers that are permitted to none, merely because the wise have made a proper use of those powers that are permitted to all. A little Arabian tale of "The Dervise" will show how this may happen.

A dervise was journeying alone in the desert, when two merchants suddenly met him. "You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants. "Indeed we have," they replied. "Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" said the dervise. "He was," replied the merchants. "And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and wheat on the other?" "Most certainly he was," they replied; "and as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, we pray you to conduct us to him." "My friends," said the dervise, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him but from you." "A pretty story, truly," said the merchants; "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his cargo?" "I have neither seen your camel nor your jewels," repeated the dervise.

On this they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before a justice, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, either of falsehood or of theft. They were then about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervise, with much calmness, thus addressed the court:

"I have been much pleased with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicious; but I have lived long, and alone; and I can find ample scope for observation, even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route. I knew that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg, from the taint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand. I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, where it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured in the center of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other."

We would enjoy more peace if we did not busy ourselves with the words and deeds of other men, which appertain not to our charge.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

MUSIC is universally considered the most fascinating, and pleasing study in which one can engage. As a recreation music has no equal, for while it gratifies the ear it appeals to our finer and most tender feelings. While listening to its soft, harmonious strains our minds are relieved from the cares and anxieties of life, and our hearts are filled with emotions of loving tenderness. It composes our nerves, rests our body and causes our souls to ascend above the gross elements of earth to revel in the ecstasies of spiritual enjoyment, giving one a foretaste of heavenly bliss. It is, as Addison says, "the only sensual gratification that mankind may indulge in to excess without injury to their moral or religious feelings."

But while we are only enabled to enjoy music through means of our outward senses, it is not strictly a sensual pleasure only, as it bears such a close relationship to our spiritual or divine nature. Martin Luther quite properly classes music next in order to the science of theology, and remarks that it is "one of the most magnificent and delightful presents God has given us."

It is a fact that music is closely connected with theology, and was designed to accompany public worship; for nothing has a greater tendency to draw our rambling thoughts from earthly to heavenly things, and to prepare our minds for the reception of religious teachings, than the smooth tones of sacred melody.

The range of musical thought and expression is so extensive and varied that it can be made suitable to all occasions, and to satisfy the diversified tastes that people have. All mankind, therefore, are lovers of music of some class or another, and

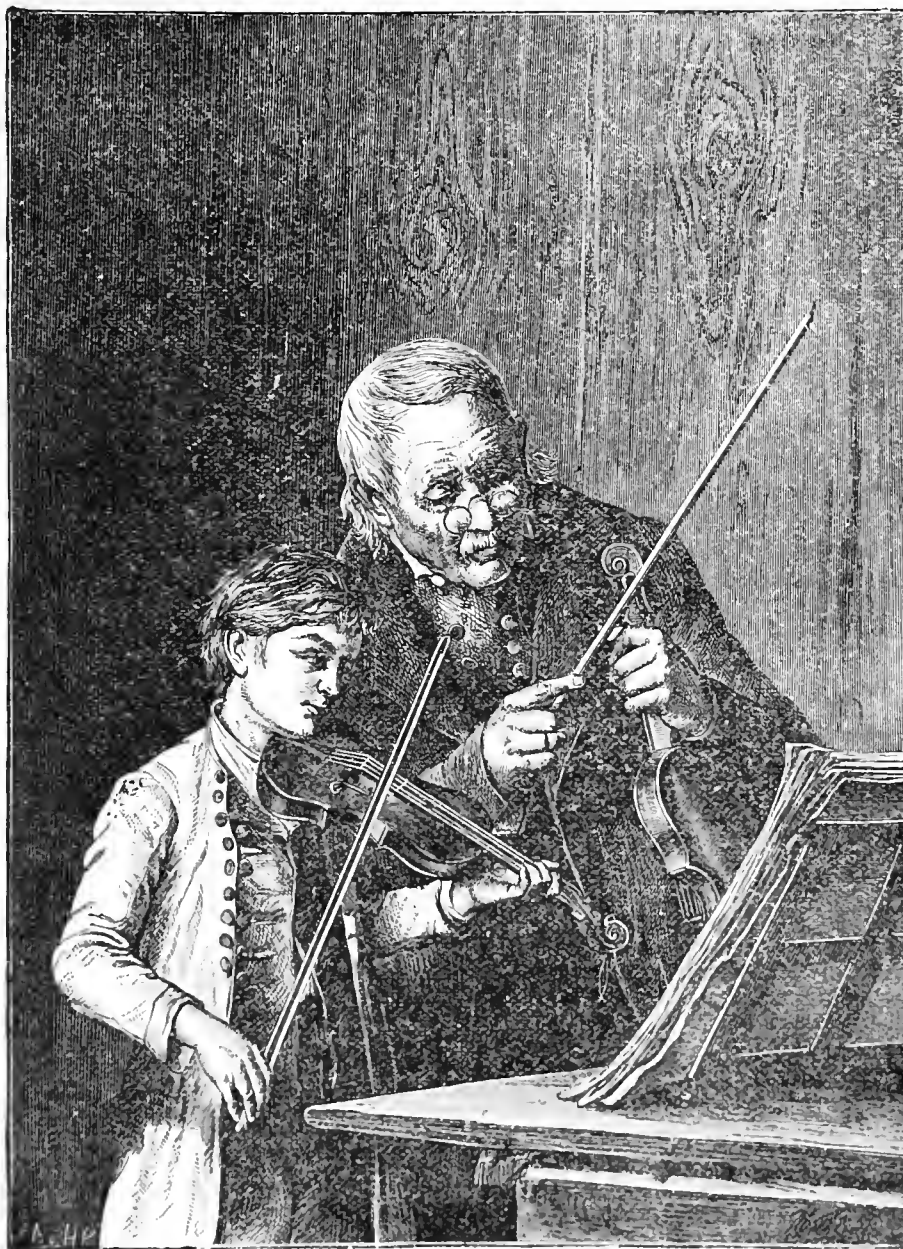
invariably that love grows with them as their knowledge of the art increases.

The study of music is so delightful, or rather the ability to create music is so desirable, that there are but few persons in civilized countries, and especially in Europe, who have not at some period in their lives turned their attention to acquiring some knowledge of its principles. Without doubt there are a great many more people who have devoted their time to the study of music than have sought an acquisition of any other

art. But of the many who have devoted themselves to the study of music but few comparatively have attained to real excellence in it. This, however, should not discourage any who have a taste for and a desire to learn the "divine art," for there is no telling what efficiency they might be capable of gaining with proper application and training. And even if they should fail to become eminently proficient in the study, their labor will not be in vain; for with but a limited degree of musical ability one can both amuse himself and entertain those who surround him.

The study of music can therefore be recommended to all as a profitable pastime if nothing more, as it is elevating in its nature. It is a

great aid to domestic happiness, and a home is not complete without it. It tends to make home what it should be—the happiest place on earth—while those who take an interest in cultivating the art begin by so doing a love for that sacred place, and are less inclined to seek pleasure elsewhere. Besides it affords a recreation that is well adapted to the needs of the weary laborer, who, after his day's work is done, can sit down and rest his body and at the same time distract his mind from his daily cares with the sounds of sweet melodies. Consider-



able progress might be made by anyone, in spending but one hour each day in practicing music, who otherwise would pass his time in idleness.

The lives of musicians who have won fame in the world present to us some valuable lessons, inasmuch as they exhibit what can be accomplished by perseverance and determination, while the persistence with which they labored gives us some idea of their powers of endurance which were necessary to their success.

Donizetti, one of the foremost of Italian composers, spent twelve years in composing operas, of which he produced twenty during this time; but none of these attracted great attention or brought him to the notice of the world. Yet he was not discouraged at this, but continued on, and during the remainder of his life he wrote thirty more operas. The time did come, after many years of struggle and hard work, when his ability was known and recognized. He is considered as having been the greatest but one of Italian musical composers, while the operas he produced have gained a lasting popularity.

Other musicians who have been noted the world over have been equally persevering. Meyerbeer, a German musician, worked thirteen hours each day at his musical studies, and numbers of others have been known to spend from ten to fourteen hours every day in practice and study. The difficulties they had to encounter were probably greater than those met with by persons following other professions. They had to contend with the opposition and severe criticism of contemporaneous musicians. It seems to be a characteristic disposition with many musicians to be sensitive and touchy, and very slow and unwilling to acknowledge the genius or ability of others. This being the case it takes a great deal of determination or will-power, as well as earnest application to study, to enable one to rise to excellence and have his talent recognized.

It is a fortunate providence that a beginner, when first attempting to perform upon an instrument, as is the case with the boy in the picture, is unable to realize the innumerable difficulties that will have to be overcome before perfection is reached. It is the same in all walks of life. The barriers that lie in every road that leads to distinction or excellence are very wisely hid from our view; and we do not fully comprehend their enormity until we have passed them. If it were otherwise—that we could see from the outset every obstacle that would be met with—perhaps no one would ever be able to gather enough courage to attempt anything that is praiseworthy or desirable. But as it is the glorious reward held out to all who will labor for it encourages us to press on; and while keeping our eye upon the prize to be gained we fail to notice carefully the obstructions in our way.

READING.—A proper and judicious system of reading is of the highest importance. Two things are necessary in perusing the mental labors of others; namely, not to read too much, and to pay great attention to the nature of what you do read. Many persons peruse books for the express and avowed purpose of consuming time; and this class of readers forms by far the majority of what are termed the reading public; others, again, read with the laudible anxiety of being made wiser; and when this object is not attained, the disappointment may generally be attributed, either to the habit of reading too much, or of paying insufficient attention to what falls under their notice.

Blakey.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY ELDER ARTHUR STAYNER
BEFORE THE DESERET S. S. UNION MEETING, IN
SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 1ST, 1885.

(Continued from page 189.)

BUT, my young friends, there is in the spirit and genius of this work something that is eminently realistic and practical. We are not expected, for the present at least, to have the whole time of this people occupied with preaching and administering ordinances. Our physical needs have to be supplied; we have social, political and financial conditions which have to be supported, difficulties arising in either or all of these branches to be overcome, and plans to be made and executed looking to the development of the best methods of furthering their interests and preparing them for the great future. This work is designed to be a kingdom with all the meaning the term implies, and consequently all the various interests pertaining thereto have to be fostered and prepared; and each one of these interests in its place is equal to any other one in importance and valuable consideration.

The one of these which I desire to remark upon this evening as a subject worthy of your reflection, as you are about stepping upon the broad platform of useful life, is the financial. The term, in my view, embraces all that pertains to supplying the physical needs of the people; it is, in the common acceptation of the term, used to designate transactions in stocks, bonds, Wall Street speculations, the purchase and sale of materials and commodities and dealing in negotiable securities; but in the sense which I use it, it covers a broader area and embraces everything that goes to supply the physical needs of this people. They cannot eat negotiable securities nor gold and silver, nor clothe themselves with stocks and bonds. To supply such needs it requires that class of productions the manufacture of which we are now very apt to despise. When the babies cry for bread and mothers ask for clothing, it were folly to offer them a mortgage on a neighbor's premises, or even a railway bond. But, you ask, to what end draw this picture? We have plenty now; drummers representing factories, aching with their plethora of goods, haunt us with propositions to sell us everything we want "at prices and on terms to suit the times," and we can get these things in payment for our services; why talk to us about such a condition of scarcity? For answer I will say: In the development of the events which God has decreed shall transpire in the latter days, in which days you have the privilege of living, certain disasters, troubles and calamities have been predicted shall happen; anarchy and confusion shall prevail, nature's warning voice has already been uttered in the shape of earthquakes, submergings by the sea breaking beyond its bounds, cyclones, tempests, severe hail and electric storms, and soon, in a very few years, as foretold by the prophecies of the ancient and modern prophets and the prophetic developments of that "witness unto the Lord in the midst of Egypt," the pyramid of Gizeh, the gospel will be taken from the Gentiles, and the spirit which has accompanied its ministrations will be taken away also, and then the storm of man's worst passions will be let loose, the spirit of destruction will seize the hearts of men; and in the midst of the confusion consequent thereon the business of manufacturing will be suspended and the means of production be destroyed. The powers of government will be wrested from their legitimate

possessors and good people's interests become the foot-ball of communists, dynamiters, nihilists and tramps. Under such circumstances as these, I ask you, where will your supplies come from if these people are not prepared with internal arrangements to render them self-sustaining?

Foremost, in my estimation, among the world's heroes and benefactors are those who, by patient and unremitting study and application, have discovered the means of increased production of articles either of utility or refinement. There is a class of history which, although it is not most prominent, (I think it ought to be) contains the biographies of men who have spent all or part of their lives in developing the resources and elements of this beautiful world which God has given us. Had it not been for the inspired labors of such worthy benefactors we should yet be in the dark and ignorant times such as our ancestors lived in 1,000 years ago. But for the labors of such men as Palissy, who toiled and experimented incessantly for eighteen years and finally discovered the process of white enamel, we should yet be using brown crockery for plates and dishes. But for the labors, toils and inventive genius of such men as Arkwright, Cartwright and Hargreaves we should yet wear clothing made by hand, and though poorly and imperfectly finished it would cost us four or five times as much as it does now. But for such men as Guttenberg, Faust and Coster we should yet be reading books written by the hand of clerks or monks and depending for information upon the scanty learning we could obtain from hearing men talk. But for the toil and patient labor of such men as Newcomen, Watt, Fulton and Stevenson we should be compelled to take from five to thirty times as long to do anything or go anywhere as we do to-day.

And so I could mention, if I had time, the names of hundreds of inventors and benefactors to whose labor, zeal and industry we are indebted for improvements and for refinement in everything that we use to supply our physical needs. And who, then, will deny to those worthy names the honored title of benefactor?

In the future days spoken of it will not be the banks nor the mercantile institutions, although they are useful auxiliaries to success and comfort, that will be first and foremost in the minds and hearts of the people. It will then be the producer and manufacturer who will be held in the highest esteem and will be the benefactors of the people. Such institutions as the Provo factory will then be appreciated, and in this connection it gives me pleasure to notice that Brother Jennings is entering into the useful and honorable field of manufacture and is employing a portion of his means in the Deseret Woolen Mills. The factory fostered by Z. C. M. I. and conducted by the energy of Brother W. H. Rowe is also an institution of which we may well be proud and upon whose output in the near future we shall most assuredly have to depend. I was shown last Saturday morning, worn by Brother Hardy, a suit of clothes furnished of Provo goods by Brother Rowe's establishment for \$17. I consider this a victory and worthy of all honor. The executive ability that can utilize the means produced here, and by the skillful application of machinery and cheap labor produce such results, should be esteemed worthy of emulation. I would rather be the superintendent of that factory than the hero of a successful Wall Street speculation; for the man who produces something which would not have been produced but for his exertion and skill benefits mankind; but when the speculator gains a fortune some other persons have *lost* the amount of his gains.

We shall have to, and we may as well begin now, so arrange our efforts as to apply them in the most profitable direction, bring ourselves to estimate at their correct value the useful walks of life; and you young people who are just about entering upon the threshold of usefulness will do well to remember that the sum total of honor is not in the selfish possession of wealth, but in having it to say that the world, or that portion of it where you live, has been improved and benefitted by your having lived in it.

It is now, perhaps, in your consideration, a matter of importance and much to be desired to obtain a situation in the employ of some person or institution transacting a business already established; but you must not forget that the moment you bind yourselves to give honest service to that employer you, to a certain extent, forfeit your independence; and although you can, by being honorable and faithful, become useful and entitled to a degree of honor and respect, it is by no means the acme of human greatness nor the extreme of honorable usefulness. Better live in poverty for years and spend your time in the developing of something that will really benefit your fellows than to live in a comfortable but comparatively useless mediocrity all your days.

Thoughtful men have noticed with regret that there has been growing for a number of years past among the youth of this people a dislike to that class of employment which calls for physical labor, situations in business houses, behind counters, and in any light employment of a more or less effeminate kind are desired, and a few dollars per month of pay earned that way have more influence than the prospect of a larger sum with harder work. The tendency of the education of the last few years has seemed to lead its recipients to feel that there is no room in mechanism or farming for the intelligence gained in our schools and universities, although supported in a great measure from the public funds paid in a considerable degree by men engaged in the very employment they affect to despise. Such a spirit ignores the fact that were it not for the farmer there would be nothing out of which to make business for others. Hear what Grover Cleveland says about farmers:

"There is a fixedness and reliability in agricultural pursuits which are not found in other branches of industry and human effort. The soil remains in its place ready to be tilled and the farmer, with ruddy health and brawny arms, depends alone upon the work of his hands and the aid of kind Providence for the reward of his labor. Thus our farmers are the most independent of our citizens. They produce, or have within their reach, all they need for their necessities and comfort. Their crops may be more abundant one harvest than another; their products may command a higher price in the market at one time than another, and these conditions may expand or contract their ability to indulge in luxuries or expenditures not absolutely needful, but they should never be in want of the necessities or comforts of life. This is a sure result of patient and well-regulated farming.

"When the farmer fails and becomes bankrupt in his business we may, I think, confidently look for shiftlessness or a too-ambitious desire to own more land and stock than he can pay for, or intermeddling with matters that bear no relation to his farm, or such mismanagement and ignorance as demonstrate that he has mistaken his vocation.

"Fortunes may be quickly amassed in speculation and lost in a day, leaving a bad example and perhaps demoralization and crime. The tradesman and manufacturer, by vicissitudes of trade, or through the allurements of a short road to wealth, may in a day be overcome and bring disaster and ruin upon hundreds of his neighbors. But the industrious, intelligent and contented farmers of the state are found to be safe and profitable citizens, always contributing to its wealth and prosperity. The real value of the farmer to the state and nation is not, however, fully appreciated until we consider that he

feeds the millions of our people who are engaged in other pursuits; that the products of his labor fill the avenues of our commerce and supply an important factor in our financial relations with other nations.

"I have not come to attempt to please you with cheap and fulsome praise, nor to magnify your worth and your importance, but have come as chief executive of the state to acknowledge in its behalf that our farmers yield a full return for the benefits they receive from the state government. I have come to remind you of the importance of the interest which you have in charge and to suggest that notwithstanding the farmer's independence, he cannot and must not be entirely unmindful of the interest he holds."

I should like here, if I had time, to quote to you from the writings of some of our Utah men on these points, but I am already encroaching beyond the time allotted to me; and at the risk of leaving my address rough on the edges I am constrained to conclude. I do not think that these remarks will be received and readily appreciated by all present; but among the many bright and intelligent spirits here assembled I doubt not there are some few sympathetic minds who will be, in the near and also in the distant future, benefactors of Zion.

MOTHER.

BY W. J.

THE influence a mother can and does exert with her children is not a new subject on which to write. Much has been said and written upon it because it was an important subject and because it was necessary that mothers and their children should be properly instructed in regard to it—mothers, that they may know how to properly instruct and use their influence, and children, that they may learn their duty towards their mothers. And as each succeeding generation produces a large number of new or inexperienced mothers, who have a vast multitude of children to rear, the necessity for imparting instruction to those mothers and children will continue to exist, and persons will be found in each generation, no doubt, both able and willing to give suitable instruction to both classes. And it may not be improper to state that although reference is here made to one parent and not to the other, the influence and duty of the father are not ignored.

Now, what makes the man? Does money? Money is no part of the man; it is a convenient article, made for him to use wisely. Does the tailor? Clothing is no part of a man, though proper articles are needed for decency, comfort and adornment. Does *avordupois*? If so, just weigh him and learn what he is. Do manners make the man? does the mind? does the home? The last three are needed in his make-up, certainly. But, whatever may be necessary to constitute a perfect man, one thing cannot be dispensed with, and that is an honest, a pure, a virtuous, an affectionate, a moral, a religious, an intellectual and a noble mother. Such a mother is worth scores of school teachers. Such a mother lives again in her sons and daughters. Such a mother, inspired by the Holy Ghost and directed and sustained by the revelations and power of Almighty God, is just the mother the Lord wants in Israel to bear and train the souls of men. And such a mother will be honored by her posterity and by the hosts of heaven for ever and ever.

A school report, published not many years ago, contained a statement substantially as follows: The managers of a large

factory, where many children were employed, before engaging a boy, always inquired into the character of his mother; and if that proved satisfactory they ran but little risk in engaging him, for they concluded that he had been properly instructed and therefore he would be faithful in their service.

John Quincy Adams, once President of the United States, is reported to have said, in substance: As a child I enjoyed one of the greatest blessings that can be bestowed on man—that of a mother who was anxious and able to form the characters of her children rightly. From her I received moral and religious instruction which has influenced me throughout a long and busy career; and I will say, because it is only justice to the memory of her I revere, that in the course of that life whenever imperfection has characterized my course, or whenever I have deviated from what she taught me, the fault has been mine, not hers.

John Randolph, an American statesman, makes this statement in favor of his mother: "I should have been an atheist if it had not been for one recollection—and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hand in hers and cause me, on my knees, to say: 'Our Father, who art in heaven!'"

And it is a blessing to our race that mothers, as a rule, are good, and that the exceptions are few. One notable exception, however, may be introduced by way of contrast: Catherine de Medici, daughter of the Duke of Urbino, and a relative of Pope Clement, was married by said pope in person, at Marseilles, October 28, 1533, to Henry, Duke of Orleans, and son of Francis I., king of France. King Francis died March 31, 1547, and Catherine's husband, as Henry II, succeeded him. Henry died July 10, 1559, and his eldest son, hardly sixteen years old, succeeded him as Francis II. Francis died December 5, 1560, and a younger brother, less than ten years old, succeeded him on the throne as Charles IX., and Catherine, his mother, became regent during his minority. Now, as regent and mother, how did she train and influence the child-king, her son? She trained him as a murderer. She plotted a massacre of the Huguenots. She inflamed the hatred of the Catholics against them, her chief confidant in her atrocious plot being her trained and youthful son. Five others were admitted to their confidence, and these seven, Catherine and her son being the leading spirits, deliberately planned and executed the diabolical plot. The marriage of Henry of Navarre was to take place August 18, 1572. The court was given up to feasting and revelry. August 24, 1572, was the feast of St. Bartholomew. On this day Catherine ordered the Catholic priests to sound the signal agreed upon from the church bell, which was instantly repeated from every belfry in Paris and the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew was commenced. The massacre was continued through that day and several succeeding days, neither age, sex nor condition being respected. By order of the king similar scenes were enacted in seven other cities, and the loss of life is variously estimated at from 10,000 to 100,000. De Thou puts it at 30,000 and the Duke of Sully, at 70,000. Charles IX. sickened from the day of the massacre. He saw visions of his murdered victims. He was haunted by a terrible remorse and died May 30, 1574. Catherine died, universally execrated, January 5, 1589.

What a mother! What a woman! What a feminine monster! Woman has been pronounced an angel to whom God has lent a body for a short season. Contrast that kind of a woman with Catherine. Mothers have great responsibility resting upon them. Children are under obligation to love,

honor and obey their parents. Children, honor your mothers, obey your mothers, be kind to your mothers, love your mothers, and especially when they are inspired by the Holy Ghost to train you up in the fear and admonition of the Lord and induce you to live for celestial glory, and God will bless you in time and throughout eternity, for the influence of a mother is mighty for good or evil, but generally for good.

"Lead thy mother tenderly down life's steep decline;
Once her arm was thy support, now she leans on thine.
See upon her loving face those deep lines of care;
Think—it was her toil for thee left that record there.
Ne'er forget her tireless watch kept by day and night,
Taking from her step the grace, from her eye the light.
Cherish well her faithful heart, which, through weary years,
Echoed with its sympathy all thy smiles and tears.
Thank God for thy mother's love, guard the priceless boon
For the bitter parting hour cometh all too soon.
When thy grateful tenderness loses power to save,
Earth will hold no dearer spot than thy mother's grave."

DIALOGUE

ON THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF THE GOSPEL.

BY L. K. YOUNG.

CHARACTERS—Teacher and four young pupils: John, Willie, Minnie and Ella.

Teacher.—Now, my little class, I want to see if you are prepared for baptism. You will all soon be eight years old and you know you are required to understand the first principles of the gospel before you go into the water for baptism. John, can you tell me what the first principle of the gospel is?

John.—Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

T.—Minnie, can you tell me the meaning of the word faith?

Minnie.—Firm belief, or confidence.

T.—In what kind of a person would you have faith, Willie?

Willie.—One who does right and always tells the truth.

T.—If your father tells you he will give you a knife, marbles or anything else, if you are a good boy, do you believe him?

W.—Yes, ma'am; and if I am a good boy he is sure to give them.

T.—Then you have faith in your father, do you not?

W.—Yes, ma'am.

Ella.—I have faith in my father and mother, for they always do as they promise.

T.—Well, now, our Heavenly Father has promised to give us His Spirit if we do certain things. Do you know what they are, John?

J.—I guess He wants us to do right and never tell lies, nor steal, nor swear, nor use tobacco, nor drink whisky, nor do anything else that is wicked, doesn't He?

T.—Yes, and keep all of His commandments.

M.—How can we keep His commandments when we don't know what they are?

E.—I know one: it is "Honor thy father and thy mother," and that means to mind them all the time.

W.—And another is to keep the Sabbath day holy.

T.—There are many more. You must get your mothers to tell you all about them so you will know how to live. Do you think the Lord will let His Spirit be with us if we are wicked?

J.—No, ma'am, I don't think He will.

T.—Faith, besides being belief or confidence, is a principle of power; but you will understand that better when you are a little older. It is by faith the sick are healed and many great and marvelous things are performed. Can any of you tell me what the second principle is?

M.—Repentance.

T.—What is repentance?

E.—It is to be sorry when we have done wrong and not do so any more.

T.—What is the third principle?

W.—Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins?

T.—Can anybody baptize for the remission of sins?

M.—No, ma'am; only those who have authority given them by our Father in Heaven.

T.—Is it right for boys to baptize each other in fun?

W.—I don't think it is, for they have no authority to do so.

T.—We ought never to play with or speak lightly of sacred things. What is the fourth principle?

E.—The laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost.

T.—What is the Holy Ghost?

J.—The Spirit of the Lord.

M.—When we are baptized we are members of the Church, are we not?

E.—Yes, ma says we are.

W.—Is there no other way for us to become members of the Church?

J.—No; and we ought to be baptized as soon as we are eight years old, and we will all be eight this year.

E.—What is the name of this Church?

M.—The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

T.—I am quite pleased with you. I hope all the children are as well prepared for baptism as you seem to be. I see your mothers have taught you correct principles and I hope all mothers will do likewise, for Joseph Smith told the people if they failed to teach their children such things the sin would be upon their own heads.

APOSTLE F. D. RICHARDS' NARRATIVE.

(Continued from page 183.)

SOON after leaving St. Louis, both my cousin and myself blistered our feet severely. He caught cold in one of his feet and became crippled so badly, that when we arrived within seven miles of Columbia, Boone County, he felt, if it was possible, he must stop and rest. We found shelter in the house of Mr. Wall, a wealthy farmer. He was captain of a company of state militia, and was generally known by his military title, Capt. Wall. He owned a large plantation, and quite a number of negro slaves.

He was the first man, whose hospitality we had shared, that appeared capable of giving us a detailed account of the "Mormon" difficulties. He was the first to mention the subject. As soon as he did so, we assured him, that, as the country was flooded with the wildest rumors, we should be pleased to hear the facts of the case, from anyone who could give us correct information.

We soon learned that he was the man who commanded the Boone County militia, and that he was with Clark's army when Far West was taken. From him, we first learned that

Joseph and Hyrum Smith, Sydney Rigdon, and many more of the brethren, were taken prisoners at Far West.

He asserted that the "Mormons" had poisoned the springs and streams in that vicinity, so that his men had often to go thirsty, or carry water long distances for fear of getting poisoned. He stated, that his men had helped themselves to "Mormon" pork and beef for camp use, and appropriated the corn of the "Mormons" to feed their camp animals. He told terrible stories about the militia plundering the Saints, whipping some, and of ravishing women.

The spirit of mobocracy was bitter and terrible in this locality. Men declared that they would as soon kill a "Mormon" as a rattle-snake. We were compelled to smother our feelings and keep our own counsel. The dark deeds that Capt. Wall had related appeared vividly before me, and I could not rest. I was glad when morning came again. Notwithstanding his wickedness he treated us with characteristic hospitality, and refused to take any remuneration for our food and lodging. This man was a widower. Two colored women kept his house, and in it were several mulatto children.

Along with my cousin and myself was a Brother Grant, who was a brother of Elder Jedediah M. Grant. He had heard of the troubles of the Saints, had left his family in St. Louis, and joined us on our journey to Far West. My cousin was compelled to remain with Capt. Wall, for a time, on account of his lameness, and Brother Grant and myself continued our journey without him.

It was generally our custom after starting on our journey in the morning, to seek some retired spot by the way-side, where we could thank the Lord for His blessings, and ask a continuation of them. In these petitions our persecuted people were not forgotten. Capt. Wall's residence was in the timber. Now where we left the timber to start out on a fifteen mile prairie, I saw a spot, which I thought suitable for our devotions, and suggested that we stop and attend to our prayers. My companion remarked that he had prayed all he was going to until he knew something more about what we were praying.

I told him I felt like stopping, and I did so. When I tried to pray, it seemed as though thick darkness was over me. The earth seemed like iron beneath my feet, and the heavens like brass over my head. But I made known my troubles and heart-felt desires to my Heavenly Father, as best I could, and rejoined my companion.

I traveled along brooding over the gloomy situation. I felt disconsolate and disheartened. Suddenly a flash of light and joy passed over me. A pleasant, thrilling sensation passed over my body; from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, and I was filled with joy. My heart was light and free and I felt to give God the glory for the clear and abiding testimony I then received. It was made plainly manifest to me that I was in a similar situation to the disciples of Jesus, after His crucifixion. They felt as though all their hopes had departed, and as though there was nothing left for them but to resume their former occupations. It was also made as clear to me as the noon day sun, that this time of persecution and calamity would pass away, and deliverance and prosperity would again come to the Saints.

This was the testimony of the Holy Ghost that I had desired to receive, ever since I obeyed the ordinances of the gospel. It did not come till after the trial of my faith, but when it came it fulfilled all that had been promised. From that day to the present I have had no doubt concerning the principles I embraced, but know them to be the gospel of the Son of God.

The following Saturday, after leaving Capt. Wall's, we arrived at Haun's Mill. There, on the 30th of the previous October, about two hundred and forty lawless ruffians attacked thirty or forty of the brethren, and seventeen men and boys were mercilessly slaughtered.

They were buried, by those who survived, in a well. Seven miles from the mill we were hospitably entertained by a Brother Perry. There I first learned that my brother, George, was one of the victims at Haun's Mill. He was shot through the head and instantly killed.

I arrived in Far West, among my friends and the Saints. From that time until now, I have shared in their joys and sorrows, and with them I am looking forward to a day of rest, when the wicked shall have no more power, and when peace and righteousness shall reign over the earth.

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

ABOUT July 7, 1883, apparently all avenues of presenting the gospel to the people of the Wairarapa were permanently closed, and our only hope was to work among the aborigines. And to human appearances it centered in chief Manihera, one of the most influential men in that region of country. Therefore we worked with and through him. Arrangements were made to accompany this chief to a place called Te Ore Ore, where there were a large number of natives residing, but we were disappointed in our expectations, as Manihera had missed us while passing through Carterton, our head-quarters at that time.

Not discouraged by his failure to see us we proceeded to the place in question. After distributing tracts to the natives of the place we returned to a place called Masterton, where we remained over night. Next morning we sought Manihera, thinking he had perhaps followed us, but we were told by a Maori that he had been there the day before, but had returned home again.

This caused us some little disappointment. However we were impressed to call at a Maori's house, where to our great pleasure we found Manihera and family. Our reception was of a cordial and hospitable nature. They conducted us into a nicely furnished parlor. After the introduction and exchanging of compliments, a young Maori lady, handsome and intelligent, was ushered into the compartment where we were and treated us to some sweet instrumental music on the piano.

Afterwards we were conducted into another room, where lay an invalid, haggard and emaciated. This was Ihaia Hopu Whakamaeru, the man of the house. He readily informed us that if we had anything new to that which he had heard, he was desirous of hearing it, but if not it was not necessary to say anything.

After assuring him that our religion was different to all others, he was exceedingly eager to have us proceed. Accordingly the four initiatory principles with the restoration of the gospel through the instrumentality of heavenly messengers, the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, etc., were explained to him and family through an interpreter, Robert Manihera, son of chief Manihera, who subsequently became a member of the Church; and proved to be of incalculable worth in interpreting our remarks to his countrymen. We preached all day long, and in the evening Ihaia was a convert

to the truth. All day he lay on his sick bed listening to the words of life. In the evening he said he wished to be baptized and asked Manihera who sat and listened to the preaching, to join also. Manihera after some excuses, made up his mind to do so, and a day was appointed for baptism.

Notwithstanding the satanic power was zealously at work trying to prevent these people from entering the fold of Christ on the 21st of July, 1883, we were instrumental in leading thirteen Maoris into the waters of baptism, Ihaia and Manihera being among the number. Although the former had been an invalid for a number of years, and constantly confined to his bed four months previous to his baptism, he walked a quarter of a mile down to the river on a bitter, cold day and was immersed in ice-cold water. Next day his health was improved. On the Sunday following all were confirmed members of the Church. Immediately following the confirmation, a number of them bore faithful testimony, saying:

"You have baptized us the way Jesus was baptized, and we have received the Holy Ghost as you had promised."

The spirit of God, immediately subsequent to their baptism and confirmation, rested powerfully down upon them, for they availed themselves of every opportunity of imparting to their fellow-men that which they had learned and received. Everywhere and any time they met any of the Maoris, they were preaching the truth to them, as after events proved this was the effectual opening of the gospel to the natives of New Zealand.

A vigorous prosecution of the work continued among the natives. We spent much time in minutely educating the new converts in the principles of the truth. They appeared like little children in the understanding of the doctrines of the Bible, having been traditioned in sectarianism, but as for their knowledge of the historical and biographical parts of the scriptures, they will compare favorably with any of the European inhabitants.

Our task in thus inculcating the truth on their benighted minds was very irksome, being compelled to employ two Bibles (an English and Maori), passages necessary to substantiate the gospel were searched out of the English book and afterwards pointed out to the Maoris in their own Bible. We drilled and educated them to that extent that they could vanquish any foe, white or black, who sought to move them from their position; thus the truth found favor among many of them and was talked of with interest far and near.

Since becoming acquainted with ancient Israel, through the Bible, which has for many years been translated into their language, they have believed that they are a portion of the house of Israel.

Many of their traditions and religious customs bear them out in this belief; still they had failed to identify themselves as such, but this needed information is abundantly supplied in the history of ancient America, as recorded in the Book of Mormon. Some of the practices, religious and otherwise which characterized the ancient Nephites and Lamanites are extant among the aborigines of the South sea islands.

Proportionately as the work gained ground and favor with the native race, hatred and opposition to it intensified in the breasts of the European portion of the inhabitants of the country. This spirit of persecution manifested itself in divers ways. For example, we were derided upon the open streets by men with gray beards, and even the school children would rend the air with shouts of insults. The press published scurrilous articles; most bitter was the *Wairarapa Standard*, printed in a small place called Greytown. It waged war against

the "Mormon" Elders, accusing us of shamefully slighting the delightful Europeans by not preaching to them before going to the ignorant Maoris. At the same time the whole white population had almost universally rejected the gospel and in many places had even mobbed, clubbed and rotten-egged the Elders.

We were challenged to meet the white people in Greytown, and defend the tenets of our religion, and thus give the natives an opportunity of judging for themselves of the truth. The challenge was readily accepted, but the writer of the challenge, who signed himself *Alpha*, for some cause or other, would not make himself known; therefore, the whereabouts of our proposed opponent could not be learned. In view of this, and in order that the question might be thoroughly ventilated, the editor of the paper referred to willingly opened his columns for a discussion of "Mormonism" and its origin. The result was a controversy for about one month ensued between *Alpha* and myself. Not to any degree of astonishment I learned afterwards that this *Alpha* consisted of three persons: viz. Mr. Nation, the editor of the paper, and two others, one of whom was Manihera's white interpreter.

Alpha, finding himself utterly unable to accomplish his various ends, opened his final communication by a most singular confession, that "it was of no use for him to discuss Mormonism with Mr. Greenwood." This controversy, while we were preaching the gospel to the natives verbally, enabled us to warn the Europeans through the press.

After we fully explained the duties of the Priesthood to Ihaia and Manihera, they were ordained Priests. This caused them to be more diligent in their efforts to promulgate the gospel among the Maoris. However, at first, they were reluctant in accepting the office having conceived the idea that we were going to make them ministers after the style of the world.

On July 31st, 1883, the first funeral was conducted by "Mormon Elders, among the Maoris, Ihaia's grand-son having died. Our method of conducting funeral services was a great digression from their acquired method, which is as follows: As soon as the death takes place guns are fired to announce to the near friends and relatives the news, while those living at a distance are made acquainted by messengers or letters. Generally many attend the funerals. The relatives and mourners remain near by the corpse. On beholding an approaching tribe from a distance, they set up a piteous wail and moan, while those approaching will join in. This rending of the air and brandishing of hands is kept up for some time. Following this is a hearty shaking of hands and prolonged pressing and rubbing of noses—the intimate mode of greeting or saluting.

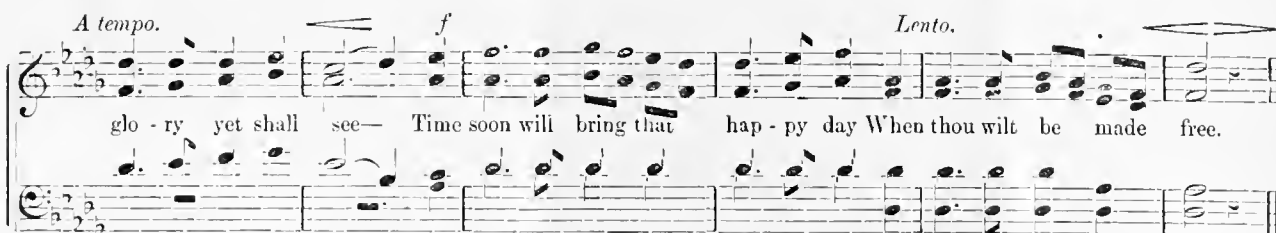
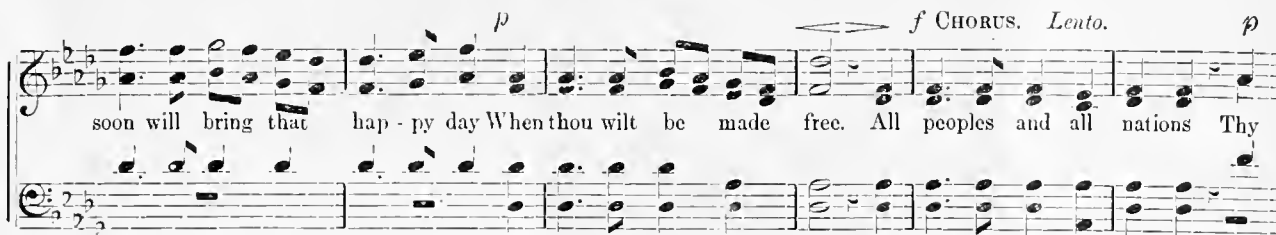
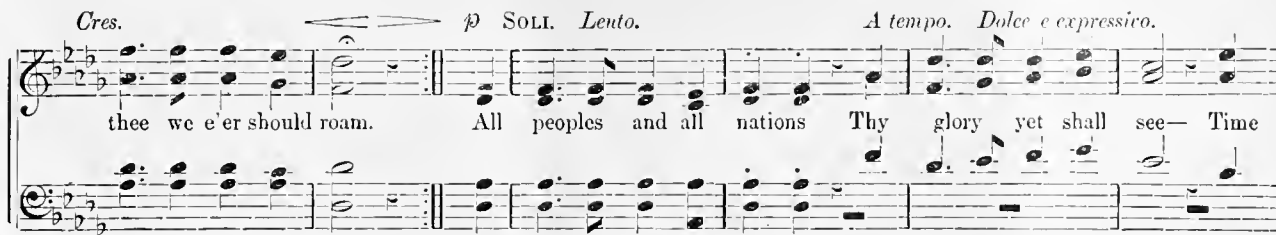
Food having been supplied by the killing of a number of pigs, sheep and sometimes cattle, preparing fish from the sea, potatoes, etc., the people from other places commence to feast and in the majority of instances a large amount of drink is furnished and a big drunk is the result. By these methods of conducting funerals and their festivals, much of their means and property are wasted, their health impaired, sickness and disease follow and finally much mortality.

(To be Continued.)

FINE sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense: there are forty men of wit for one man of good sense; and he that will carry nothing about with him but gold, will be every day at a loss for readier change. *Addison.*

WE HAIL THEE, LOVELY DESERET.

[TUNE: "Now Pray we for our Country."]

p FIRST TIME, SOLI, SECOND TIME, CHORUS.

We love thee, favored Deseret,
 Though all the world despise,
 For millions yet will sing thy praise
 And laud thee to the skies.
 When laws unjust are ended,
 And tyranny shall cease,
 Prosperity will favor thee,
 And bring thee joy and peace.

Now pray we for our Deseret,
 That she may ever be
 Pure, happy, blest and prosperous,
 And from bondage ever free.
 Who blesseth her is blessed,
 So peace be in her walls,
 And joy in all her cottages,
 Her temples and her halls.

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 N O O N
 A N N A

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